I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltſhires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Yorke. What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerſet?
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhape King *Henries* head.
War. And ſo do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter vſurpes,
I vow by heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Palace of that fearefull King,
And that the regall chaire: Poſſeſſe it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.
Yorke. Aſſiſt me then ſweet *Warwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weell all aſſiſt thee, and he that flyes ſhall die.
Yorke. Thankes gentle Norfolke. Stay by me my Lords,
And ſoldiers ſtay you heere, and lodge this night.
War. And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to put vs out by force,
Rich. Arm'd as we be let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* be depoſde, whoſe cowardiſe
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yorke. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor him that loues him beſt,
The proudeſt bird that holds vp Lancaſter,
Dare ſtirre a wing, if *Warwicke* ſhake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Reſolue thee *Richard*, claime the Engliſh Crowne.
Enter king Henry the ſixt, with the D. of Exceſter, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Weſtmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roſes in their hats.

King.

King. Looke Lordings where the ſturdy Rebell ſits,
Euen in the chaire of State: belike he meanes
(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that falſe Peere)
To aſpire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he ſlew thy father,
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his ſonnes, his fauourites, and his friends.
North. And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in ſteele.
Weſt. What? ſhall we ſuffer this? Let's pull him downe.
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot ſpeake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Weſtmerland*.
Clif. Patience is for Pultroones, ſuch as he;
He durſt not ſit there had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliament,
Let vs aſſaile the family of Yorke.
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken Coſen, be it ſo.
King. O know you not the Citty fauours them,
And they haue troopes of ſouldiers at their becke.
Exet. But when the Duke is ſlaine, theyl quickly flye.
King. Far be it from the thoughts of Henries heart,
To make a ſhambles of the Parlament houſe:
Coſen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shal be the warres that Henry meanes to vſe.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke, deſcend my Throne,
I am thy ſoueraigne.
Yorke. Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.
Exet. For ſhame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
Yorke. Twas my inheritance, as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a Traitor to the Crowne.
War. Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,
In following this vſurping Henry.
Clif. Whom ſhould he follow but his naturall King.
War. True Clifford, and thats Richard Duke of Yorke.
King. And ſhall I ſtand while thou ſitſt in my Throne?
Yorke. Content thy ſelfe, it muſt and ſhall be ſo.
War. Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles Henry VI. Parts 2&3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.38) Octavo